The Daily Eurofurence

Ringberg Hotel Suhl. Wednesday, 26th August 2009

Welcome!

A warm welcome to Eurofurence 15, dear reader. Hundreds of furs from all over Europe - in fact all over the globe - have gathered at the Ringberg to celebrate five days of furry friendship, creativity and intense partying. And you're one of them, you lucky dog!

What you are holding in your paw (or hoof) is the first issue of Eurofurence's daily newsletter. We like to think of it as a small but comprehensive newspaper. You can read it with your morning coffee, and it will provide you with information about today's program, important announcements, but also interviews, reports and reviews. Four writers and two photographers track down the stories for you.

There's even more. We've got cartoons, puzzles and "Starlit Encounter", a serialized short story with a fresh take on "Arabian Nights". Enjoy! *(lux)*

"We're prepared" says Hotel Manager

Not afraid of fursuiters: hotel manager Wolfgang Kanzig (right) and his deputy, Marko Kornhaß. photo: tam

Accomodating and feeding hundreds of furries is no easy task. But hotel manager Wolfgang Kanig and his team have always looked forward to a challenge.

„Everything's easier the third time", says hotel manager Wolfgang Kanig. „The catering concept has been established and we can use last year's numbers as a basis for our calculations. This way, we had a good idea of how many patties for the special Eurofurence Burger we had to order – around 1500."

This year, there are even more guests to take care of, due to the increase in room sharing - about 750 in total. The hotel's 80 extra beds were just about enough. Eurofurence is a big event, but the Ringberg hotel has expertise in handling all kinds of big events, as Mr. Kanig explains. „The other month we held a dinner for 900 senior citizens."

Eurofurence causes the hotel staff a few extra shifts, but Mr. Kanig assures, that they don't mind. "We are happy to work twice as hard if an event is worth it. And everybody is looking forward to the return of the furries." *(lux)*

No Program? No Problem!

Sonnypup jamming away on his guitar. photo: tam

As the concept of "early arrival" has gained popularity, the visitors feel themselves confronted with the question of how to spend their time. While the staff uses the day for last minute maintenance, most furs spend the evening socializing. Catching up with friends during a game of "live-size chess", enjoying a drink, as well as nice banter of lewd jokes, for example, helps pass the time just as good as flying drones and doing aerial shots of the hotel, viewed through a VR-Visor or doing art and music. *(cur)*

EF visitors: 30 Nations under one Roof

A Dutch flag, hung out of a window. photo : ang

Eurofurence 15 brings together a total of 911 furs from thirty countries on three continents. The largest group are Germans with 390 participants (43 percent), followed by UK-furs (132, or 14 percent). The third-largest group is, surprisingly, not European: 59 US furs made it here. Other large groups arrive from the Netherlands (53), France (42), Austria (39), Switzerland (32), Finland (29) and Russia (27). In the mediterranean countries, Eurofurence is less well established with only one participant each from Italy, Greece and Spain. *(lux)*

Logistics: The Busy Bees Behind the Scenes

There are tasks at the convention that at first might seem trivial, for example setting up the panel rooms for each event or darkening the stage area windows. This is the domain of Logistics. Responsible for this area is Hoyt, according to whom it equals to a full time job during the convention. Aside from Hoyt himself, workforce is drawn from volunteers as needed.

Back in the day, 'gophers', volunteers were available at short notice, but with the growth of the convention the current model of dedicated volunteers is the only possibility. Also the number of those directly involved with logistics has increased, from Riffuchs and three helpers back in the day at EF12 to currently around 20 volunteers and a dedicated logistics leader. To illustrate the scale of some of the tasks, darkening the stage area windows requires 800 meters of aluminium foil. *(hhp)*

Between Dykes and Sheep: EF 1

Beach boys: Visitors of Eurofurence 1 take a stroll on the flat sands of the North Sea. photo: Cairyn

Today, Eurofurence is the longest running furry convention and attracts 900 visitors. Nothing of this could have been anticipated by the 18 visitors of Eurofurence 1 in Kaiser-Wilhelm-Koogt.

The mother of all Eurofurences was organized via a mailing list and took place at the farmhouse of Tes-Hui H'ar's parents in the flat lands of Schleswig-Holstein, surrounded by dykes, sheep, wind turbines and the North Sea. Four days, 30th June - 3rd July 1995.

"The atmosphere was great; extremely relaxed", remembers Cheetah, current chairman. "Everybody who possessed something furry-related, brought it there - those things were rare and special back then. It was a time when furry artwork was shared via xerox and snail mail."

"I wouldn't call Eurofurence 1 a convention, by any standards," he continues. "But it was the first truly international furry get-together." The con-goers, mostly students, came came from a variety of countries, including Finland, Sweden, Denmark and the UK.

Originally planned to be a singular event, enthusiasm spread fast, and the idea of a regular European convention was born. The initial plan, to use different countries with local organizers every year, was abandoned after the fifth edition in favour of a stable core team. All further editions - except 9 - took place in Germany. Still, Eurofurence remains, true to its name, a truly pan-european convention. *(lux)*

Announcements

Unless you are staff, please use the public radio channels 1 and 2 only.

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Pool party tickets are on sale at the ConOps room in the basement (10€).

Today's Timetable

Registration Open
14:00-19:00
20:00-23:00

Barbecue (Terrace)
16:00-20:00

Opening Ceremony (Terrace)
19:00-20:00

DDR Free Play (Room 1)
Xany's Game Corner (Room 2)
Artists Lounge (Room 3)
all: 20:00-02:00

Convention Trouble

a cartoon by Pegla

Convention Trouble #67: People inside a fursuit might look different than the suit.

Starlit Encounter, pt 1

a story by Bariki

Callum grimaced as the bus jolted over yet another pot hole, his antlers hitting on the grimy glass of the window. He was running late and reached for his cell phone to try once more to call his friend but the small screen still read "No Service", as though it were taunting the stag with its stubborn refusal to work. The phone network here, much as everything else in the Sernhara Desert, seemed dead set against making life easy.

"Dammit," he thought, snapping the phone shut and pocketing it before reaching to wipe the sweat from his brow. "Dan's going to think that I've been kidnapped or something."

Deer like Callum were a rarity in the Serenhara, a desert land more suited to the hardy camels and the sleek, elegant Arabian horses that populated it than for the bulky, antlered cervid. Still, despite the heat and the stares of the locals, the stag had thus far been able to make the best out of his time here. The oil company paying him to be there made that quite simple through their generous pay, although he would have appreciated it if they had employed more jeeps, saving him from the plight of having to use the wretched local buses. Dan, his co-worker and friend, was waiting for him at the foreigners bar in Hamam, the closest town to the remote oil production facility that he was working at. He had promised him a good night out after a particularly gruelling week in the sandbox, as the workers referred to the facility. With visions of air conditioning and cold drinks in his mind, Callum leaned back in his uncomfortable seat and tried to forget the heat.

To Callum's eyes, the small town of Hamam seemed like Vegas after weeks spent in the grey steel of the oil facility. Hardly more than a village, Hamam served as a lifeline to the rest of the world for its denizens, providing the only regular postal service in the region and, more importantly, the Sarang, the only bar locally that was permitted to serve alcohol.

As the stag alighted the bus, he flipped open his phone again - still no signal! With a snort, he set off in the direction of the Sarang, hoping that Dan had waited for him there. It wasn't a long walk to the bar from the bus stop, but it was far enough that Callum drew the usual glances from the locals as they busied themselves with their everyday activities. His large, muscular body, adorned by its pointed antlers, drew attention to him like a peacock in a henhouse.

Finally, Callum reached the door of the Sarang and entered the bar to a welcome gush of cool air from the air conditioner above the door. Looking around the bar, the stag hoped to see his friend sitting at one of the tables by the empty stage, or perhaps propped up at the bar with a beer: a group of wolves were huddled together at a corner table, talking in a language that he couldn't understand; a few pairs of other foreign species were dotted around the small room, chatting, drinking, playing cards—but Dan was nowhere to be seen.

"Where the hell is he?" muttered the stag to himself as he headed over the bar, settling himself in one of the bar stools and ordering a beer.

"Might have gotten held up with something, I guess," he mused, ordering a beer and deciding that waiting for a while in the cool of the bar was a better proposition than wandering around outside. His beer arrived and he took a long, contented pull from it, a few beads of condensation running down the glass as the stag turned in his seat to lean against the bar and wait for what he was sure would only be a few minutes.

To be continued!

Impressum: Michael "Luxen" Graf (lux), Andreas "Curry" Wieland (cur), Robert "Bariki" Blackman (bar), Hannu-Heikki "hHP" Puupponen (hhp), Emmanuel "Tambako" Keller (tam), Matthias "Angus" Bauer (ang).